

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt,
Kin. Then speake at once what it is thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
 Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman
 Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
 And shall the same giue pardone to a slaue;
 My brother flew no man his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was cruell death.
 Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
 Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduise?
 Who spake of brother-hood who of loue?
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
 The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
 Who told me in the field at *Tewsbury*,
 When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,
 And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he lapped me,
 Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe
 All thin and naked to the numb could night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
 Had somuch grace to put it in my minde.
 But when your carters or your wayting vassalles
 Haue done adrunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
 You straight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I vniustly too, must graunt it you.
 But for my brother not a man would speake,
 Nor I (vngratious) speake vnto my selfe,
 For him poore soule: the proudest one you all
 Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
 Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
 Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take holde
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. *(Exit.)*
 Come *Hastings* helpe mee to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*
Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse: marke you not
 How that the guiltie kindred of the *Queene*,
 Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:
 Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
 God will reuenge it. But come lets in
 To comfort *Edward* with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father dead?

Dut. No Boy. *(breast?)*

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your
 And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne?

Girl. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head?
 And call vs wretched, Orphanes, castawaies,
 If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My pritty Cosens you mistake me much,
 I dolament the sicknesse of the King:
 As loth to loose him, now your fathers dead:
 It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
 The King my vnkle is too blame for this:
 God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
 With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
 Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot gesse who caused your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vnkle *Glocester*
 Told me, the King prouoked by the *Queene*,
 Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
 And when he told me so he wept,
 And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kist my cheekes,
 And bad me relie on him as one my father,
 And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
 And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
 He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceite.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyse is this?

E

Enter